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Stick To Your Mother Tom Or Don't Leave Your Mother When Her Hair Turns Gray

Harry Birch

Composer

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THE POPULAR MOTHER SONG OF TO-DAY.

STICK TO YOUR MOTHER TOM

OR
DON'T LEAVE YOUR MOTHER
WHEN HER HAIR TURNS GRAY.



SONG & CHORUS

AS SUNG BY

HARRY LECLAIR.

OF LECLAIR AND RUSSELL

White, Smith & Company.

BOSTON
San Francisco.
M. GRAY.

Portland Or.
WILEY B. ALLEN.

CHICAGO
Phila. Pa.
W. H. BONER & CO.

Vp. 011715
1885

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STICK TO YOUR MOTHER TOM.

OR DONT LEAVE YOUR MOTHER WHEN HER HAIR TURNS GRAY.

Sung by Harry Le Clair. .

SONG AND CHORUS.

Arr. by Harry Birch.

Andante.

1. How
2. Our
3. The
4. She

well do I re-mem-ber Tho' ma-ny years a-go I journey'd down to Plymouth with my
hearts were dull and heav-y Re - turn-ing home a-gain We scarcely spoke a whis-per While
time roll'd slow-ly on-ward Ma-ny changes had oc-curred But of the good ship Vic-tor For
lin-gered thro' the Summer But when the frost, the snow, The bit-ter winds of Win-ter ve-ry

mother you must know, The ships were in the har-bor With flags and ban-ners dressed And
ri-ding on the train The jour-ney seemed un-en-ding And lead-en was the sky, Un-
months we had not heard My moth-er grew so anx-ious Her cheeks were sad and pale And
quickly laid her low She died in my em-bra-ces With a spir-it calm and brave And

weeping wives and child-ren Were wait-ing with the rest. My father was a sail-or on
 til we reach'd the sta-tion Where home was ver-y nigh. The cottage look'd so des-o-late, and
 I was ver-y fear-ful She sudden-ly would fail. One day there came a tel-e-gram to
 now the weep-ing wil-low Bends si-lent o'er her grave. I of-ten go to see her grave, And

board a man of war. Who once a-gain was go-ing To leave us by the shore He
 va-cant was the chair. In which my fath-er lin-gered When ev-er he was near I
 say the ship was lost. She'd foun-dered many miles a-way When she'd been tempest toss'd My
 keep the ver-dure green. And plant some spotless lil-lies Up-on the peaceful scene And

kissed our lips at parting While standing on the quay And as he bade us both good-bye These words he said to me
 came and stood by mother So full of hope and fear She fondled and caress'd me as she whisper'd thro' her tears
 mother faint-ed at the news But when the swoon had fled I kiss'd her as I told her Of the words my father said
 feel the sat-is-faction Of knowing tho'she's dead I tried to do my du-ty To the words my father said

CHORUS.

5

Soprano.

Stick to your mother, Tom, When I am gone, Don't let her worry lad Don't let her mourn Re-

Alto.

Stick to your mother, Tom, when I am gone. Don't let her wor-ry lad Don't let her mourn Re-

Tenor.

Stick to your mother, Tom, When I am gone. Don't let her worry lad Don't let her mourn Re-

Bass.

When I am gone, Don't let her worry lad

member that she nursed you When I was far a - way Don't leave your moth er, when her hair turns gray.

-member that she nursed you when I was far a - way Don't leave your mother, when her hair turns gray.

member that she nursed you When I was far a - way Don't leave your moth er, when her hair turns gray.

turns gray.

THEMATIC CATALOGUE OF C.A.WHITE'S SONGS.

OLDGRANGER JOHN. 40 cents
For Bass, Baritone or Alto.
Old Gran-ger John with ev'ry one, Seem'd always happy and
COMMITTED TO THE DEEP. 40 cents
For Bass, or Contralto.

Our mess-mate in his hammock lay The death dew on his
THE WRECK.
For Bass, Baritone or Alto. 40 cents

The night was dark and stormy I stroll-ed the rock bound
THE OLD MISER. 40 cents.
For Bass, or Contralto.

Oh no I will not die Years I've toiled to gain this gold
THE OLD TURNKEY. 50 cents.
From the new opera of "NORA."

I am the old Turnkey you see I know my busi-ness well For
GOODBYE, OLD CABIN HOME. 50 cents.
Solo, Duet, and Chorus.

O golly, aint I happy! De Yankee's day hab come; I hear de shout of
GONE BEFORE. Song and Chorus. 40 cents.

Gone where the shadows of life can-not come, Where ev'ry
SWEET KATE THE PRIDE OF TRALEE Song and Chorus. 40 cents.

My thots now are wand'ring far o-ver the sea, They're

THE LOST SHIP. Duet for Tenor and Bass) 50 cents

Ship wreck'd at sea homeward bound Shipwreck'd at sea
OLD OCEAN POUND. Bass, Contralto or Baritone) 40 cents

Old O-cean pound on the rock bound shore, The sands they
THE OLD FERRYMAN. (Bass Song.) 40 cents

No sun-light sheds its gold-en rays, No sil-ver moon-beam
WINNIE BELL. Song and Chorus. 35 cents

Oh lit-tle Win-nie Bell, I have something I would tell,
WHISPER SOFTLY DARLING. Song and Chorus. 40 cents

Tell me love, will you re-mem-ber When I'm far a-

SWEET TO THE MILKMAID. Waltz Song, Sop in A. 60 cts.
Alto in G.

Sweet to the milkmaid the plow-boy sung meet me to
HOPE BEYOND. Duet, Ten & Bass, or Sop & Alto. 50 cts.

No hope be-yond, no hope be-yond,
MY HEART IS LIKE A WOUNDED DOE. Ten, or Sop. 40 cts.

My heart is like a wounded Doe That

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When rob-ber sing,
ZARA THE GIPSY. Waltz Song. Sop in E. Alto in C. 40 cts.

A Gip-sy has no care ——— A
WHEN 'T IS STARLIGHT. Waltz Song. Sop in B. Alto in G. 50 cts.

When 't is star-light By the riv-er
POOR LITTLE JOHNNY. Song & Chorus. 40 cts.

Pit-y poor John-ny, Out in the street,
PLEASE SELL NO MORE DRINK TO MY FATHER. 40 cts.
Temperance Song & Chorus.

Please Sir will you lis-ten a mo-ment . . .
SAINTED MOTHER. Sop in G. Alto in E. 35 cts.

Saint-ed mother guardian an-gel Ev-er watching
MARGUERITE. Romanza Sop in F. Mizzo Sop in E. 60 cts.
ad lib.

Marguerite! Marguerite! My

LULLABY BABY UP ON THE TREE TOP. 30 cts.

Rock-a-by ba-by up-on the tree top, When the wind
LITTLE BLOSSOM. Song & Dance. 50 cts.

In a cool and sha-dy hower, . . . Where the
EVANGELINE. Sop in B. Alto in G. 60 cts.

E-van-ge-line E-van-ge-line